

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

He who dares assert the I

May calmly wait

While hurrying fate

Meets his demands with sure supply.—HELEN WILMANS.

I am owner of the sphere,

Of the seven stars and the solar year,

Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,

Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.—EMERSON.

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CONCENTRATION.

Thought through the process of thinking is generated by the brain as steam is by the boiler. Loosen the confinement of steam and permit it to escape, and its quality and power as a motor force have been destroyed and its utility to man in that direction nullified. Confine it, multiply, compress it, and it becomes the marvelous power which has been harnessed to the wheels of progress during the advance of the nineteenth century and produced such astonishing results in the development of natural resources and man's productive capacity. Your brain is analogous to the boiler and your thoughts to the steam; if you fail to hold them and put them to intelligent and orderly use; if you permit them to escape of your own inert volition or through the adverse influence of others—even well meaning advisers—you will never be able to accomplish definite and desired results, because your own and real power, personified in active thoughts has been dispersed, and its quality as a power and motor force for your direct advancement and benefit has been destroyed and its utility nullified.

Your thoughts must be successive, continuous and forceful, and their power directed through the same channel, just as steam is forced through the cylinder against the piston with rhythmic, successive and forceful strokes. It is continuity which tells and produces orderly, harmonious and gratifying results. Your will must be the engineer who supervises and controls the whole scheme and permits no interference from outside sources.

Continuity, patience, persistence, endurance, will power, these are but attributes of the fundamental quality expressed in manhood. To think and to do, to think and execute intelligently, distinguishes man from the brute creation, gives him control over his environments and makes him master of his destiny. To be a man is equivalent to being a God, because Manhood and Godhood express in the evolution of the conscious universe but varying degrees of development in the power of creation. Be patiently enduring in the attainment of your objective goal; if to-day closes with your work incompleted you will be successful to-morrow, if you but train your mind to persist and continue *en rapport* with your highest ideal.

Centre your mind on creative thought because creative thought is strengthening. Ally yourself with the grand fraternity of builders, and your growth, mental and physical, will be commensurate with your increased power to think. Set your ideal resolutely and follow earnestly wherever it may lead. Land, cattle, houses, adornment, honors, position, knowledge and all that makes life worth living can be yours in the degree that

your power to think is capable of producing them. The universe is full of them and they are yours for the exertion you may put forth to possess them. Do not blame society, or law, or government. They are but a reflex and expression of yourself as a unit in the grand scheme of human association. No one can change society, law and government for you but yourself. Do not wait for the millennium nor the fulfillment of the promises of the politition and labor reformers, for the fulfillment of them under the most favorable circumstances would have but an infinitesimal effect upon your individual welfare. Society and government have not been organized, and never will be, to build a house for you or stock your farm; they exist only to protect you in the possession and enjoyment of them and through collective effort, place within your reach the opportunity for the study of collective experience and results; leaving to your own good judgment the selection of such methods as are calculated to satisfy your needs, the gratification of your just desires and the attainment of individual happiness.

From your surroundings, the inexhaustible store house of nature, from the advice of your friends, the rules and conduct of society, from history, research and experiments, from books and current publications, from orations, sermons and lessons of thoughtful men and women, take all that can be helpful to you and bar out resolutely all that has a tendency to discourage you; without neglecting to give in return to society your share and co-operation in the production and maintenance of those elements of progress and cohesion which are positively essential to the maintenance of human associations. In this you may take a lesson direct from mother nature herself. In the building of our magnificent forests each stately tree does not lean upon its neighbor for support, but draws from the surrounding earth moisture, air and sunlight, the elements essential to its own growth and development; but in return co-operates with all in sustaining fertility, moisture and protection against the destructive forces of the elements and giving food, protection and shelter to the animal creation which inhabit the forestic domain.

Keep up your courage and firmly impress upon your mind the fact that in all this great Republic of ours with its more than seventy millions of people, no two are formed alike, no two in all particulars think alike, no two act alike and no two in all the affairs of life possess the same knowledge and experience; yet each contributes his and her share in sustaining the integrity of the nation and the protection of each individual unit. You can therefore rest serenely in your own manhood and womanhood and be yourself.

Society is not retrograding; it is steadily advancing.

The scheme of evolution is not one of descent; it is ever ascending, and man with his institutions is forever striving onward and upward. There is room at the top for the climber and always will be, for the very effort of climbing broadens the base and the top is widened in exact and correspondng ratio.

Power of thought is the product of introspection; man must go into the depths of his consciousness and from his own mental foundation build up to the position he aspires to. Good conduct, industry, sobriety, stability, intellectuality, honor and fraternity, are the steps in the ladder of aspiration and will enable him to climb into the sunlight of a broader humanity. The progress of inventive science and skill applied to productive and distributive industry demands more and still more intellectual workers. The horny handed son of toil with his limited range of mental vision is at a discount; he will have to rise out of the dark and muddy trenches into the broad and open sunlight of a glorious selfhood.

I might continue to lay down rules indefinitely but let what has been written in the preceeding articles be suggestive in the direction of your energy and thought currents. Remember that nothing can be accomplished without thinking and working, and each individual must develop the thinker and worker within him to attain success and independence. The thinkers and workers of the world are and have been the creators of all that we enjoy to-day as the result of our civilization. To think and to work is to bring yourself into harmonious fellowship with the creative forces of the universe. The thinkers and the constitute the grand creative fraternity of the world and when once the estranging power of brutish selfishness has been removed from human association they will march arm in arm down the magnificent vistas of time toward the ideal civilization for which at present the power of creative thought is laying broad and deep, strong and sure, the massive foundation—a civilization in which ignorance, poverty, sin sickness and death will have lost their power because the conditions under which they flourished will have been removed, and mankind will stand forth in the ripened unfoldment of fully developed and serene manhood, glorified by an all pervading intellectual understanding.

CHARLES F. BURGMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW THOUGHT.

[Horatio W. Dresser in Mind.]

The essence of the New Thought, as I understand it, is the oneness of life; the great truth, namely, that all things work together toward a high ideal in the kingdom of the spirit. * * *

This is an old, old truth. The wisest men of all ages have believed in the oneness of life. The world's spiritual leaders have taught that we live and move and have our being in the Father. Yet the New Thought aims to advance beyond all other schools in the endeavor to realize this great truth. Others have argued for it as the basis of philosophic thought, or it has been taught as a part of the creed of the Church. With many it is merely a theory; they do not take this truth home, so that it may become the foundation of daily life, applying even to the healing of disease.

The first demand of the New Thought is that its follow-

ers shall dwell upon this truth of truths until they shall speak of it not merely as a theory but as a life. Only those who live in the Spirit—who know its peace, its beauty, and its love—can do the highest work. For there are many kinds of healing, from merely personal influence, affirmation, and thought-transfer, to spiritual healing, where there is no argument, no attempt to influence or to control, but an application of power—the practise of the presence of God. Consequently, this higher work is still largely an ideal. * * * It is service. It is outgoing love—fellowship. It is poise—self-mastery carried to that level of attainment where the mere presence is sufficient not alone to heal, but to inspire, to encourage, to uplift.

The search for this high ideal is guided by the conviction that the soul is of supreme worth in life. It is for this that we suffer and strive. It is for this that we are born in ignorance. We are burdened that by personally attaining freedom we may become strong, perfect, beautiful.

He who gives of the spirit, he who feels by his presence, must then first free his own soul, must understand life, and become broadly self-masterful, before he can help others to attain freedom. He must live much in the silence, in receptivity, * * * The soul expands and grows in the light of the Spirit. It knows no obstacles. It looks abroad upon life with a sense of dominion over all. It is free. It is joyful, with that gladdest, fullest joy which is too deep for words, too still and peaceful to betray itself excitedly.

But how does this spiritual experience apply to the ills of the flesh? By thus developing an inner center of peace, trust, freedom, happiness. When the soul is calm it can still the nerves, free the mind from fear, and apply the power of the spirit upon the disordered physical organism. All growth, all change proceeds in this way. First, the seed or cell, then its development and externalization. All growth is from a center outward. In like manner all changes that are caused by thought take their rise in an idea. Higher yet, all spiritual growth results from the quickening of the spirit from within—at a center, at a point.

The clue to the understanding of life, from the point of view of its spiritual oneness, is therefore evolution. It is because all things are perfected by a process of gradual transformation and attainment, everywhere revealing the same laws, because the sorrows and struggles and dark places are needed, that we can declare that all is a spiritual Whole.

From the physical point of view, life is fragmentary. The physical organism is likely to be attacked by external disease. It is subjected to accidents. One is more or less the child of fortune, of climate, of intellectual and social environment. Pain is called evil. Disease is regarded as an enemy. There is no certainty that all is for the best. But from the point of view of spiritual insight into the unity of things, it is not some fortuitous external force that governs our hardships and diseases. The individual, the inner man, the soul, is the decisive factor. Our circumstances are what the inner man attracts. Suffering is a sign that the remedial powers of Nature are seeking to restore or to retain harmony. All things are found to be parts of one system because the spirit perceives their meaning from within, as a whole. And in general we learn that our environment is what it is—our life is a mixture of the pleasurable and

the painful because all these experiences are needed as factors in our spiritual evolution.

As a consequence, if one is wise, if one understands one's self, all that comes into one's life may be turned to evolutionary account. Not that every circumstance is wholly the best in itself, but that it may be turned to account by the attitude in which it is received. Suffering, for example, is a very great burden in itself, but may be met by an attitude that quickly lessens or overcomes it. Misfortune is hard to bear; also many difficulties of the home, business, and social life. But if wisely met they prove to be opportunities for the development of character—occasions in which one may grow strong by maintaining poise, and spiritual by manifesting love.

The visible world is secondary. Its function is manifestation. It is not a cause in itself. It is incapable of originating diseases, hostile conditions, and circumstances to torment man. All that it is, all that comes from it, is such; it comes because it is needed in the spiritual evolution of things.

In order to attain the right attitude, the New Thought disciple therefore seeks power in the silent inner world, where evolution begins. He declares that if the heart is right, if we first adjust ourselves, all shall be right. The thought realm, the realm of creative soul power, is the kingdom of heaven from the attainment of which all that is needed shall follow. It is the center of all peace, all poise, all power. For, to him who stands there, there is nothing to fear. He is the commander. He is the creative agent. * * *

In this same silent realm also arise those conditions that cause our misery and our disease. They grow from a tiny seed. They begin in fear, distrust, despair, morbid self-consciousness, ill-will, undue consciousness of sensation, and the rest. From the first wrong-turning a wrong evolution results. Thus the physical world takes its clue from the mental. Physical evolution follows spiritual involution. The physical evolution or manifestation is real. It is surely existent. The New Thought makes no attempt to ignore it. But since the physical evolution is the outcome of the mental or spiritual involution, it must be controlled or modified by the spirit from within. Thus the same law that teaches the evolution of disease and misery shows how by instituting the right evolution all may be altered and harmony restored.

This again points to the central idea of the oneness of life. In all things there is but one law. That law is good. It is the foundation principle of the universe. But, through ignorance, man temporarily suffers and causes suffering because he knows not the universality of the law—because he looks outside of his own inner world for the cause.

Another phase of the New Thought doctrine of the oneness of life is the theory that all souls are united in the mental world. We are not detached, separated individuals affecting one another only through physical interchange. We are bound together by ties of thought—by thought atmospheres and emotions. It is not necessary physically to speak or act in order to make ourselves felt in the world. Every thought is like a seed blown here and there by the wind, or carried from place to place. It is capable of evolving, if it fall in good soil. It tends to gravitate to its own environment. It is likely to affect people for good or for ill. It is transmitted

out and around us with a rapidity surpassing that of waves of sound or light. Consequently, our thoughts must be guarded—that we send out only the good, the hopeful, and the true.

But by the same law of thought interchange that sometimes works for ill we may accomplish unmeasured good. The thought organism is here, ready to serve us; it is for us to use that organism in the consciousness of what our spiritual fellowship means—the spiritual unity of life. Thus the process is essentially soul co-operation. It is, first, recognition on the part of the helper or healer of his own oneness with the Spirit of life; then the realization of the patient's oneness with the same Source; and, finally, active co-operation with the Spirit; by whose power health and peace are to be restored. There is surely no true unity but this. There is no other wholly common ground of fellowship. In the Spirit all men are one; it is in the outer life, in their arguments, that they are inharmonious. They all came out from the one Source. In reality they are always at one there. Consciously or unconsciously, they are living the same life. This deep undercurrent must then be brought more and more to the surface, that the same beautiful law may regulate our physical and social life. It is this thought that I would emphasize above all others as the one to bear away with us—the thought of the of the deep-lying Spirit of life, welling up in us, uniting us all, bearing us ceaselessly forward to perfection—to the freedom of the soul.

In all times of need or trouble, when disturbing experiences come, when the way is not clear, pause for a time, break connection with the troublesome thought, and retire to the haven of the spirit—the home of rest and peace. Send your thoughts out into the great universe until you feel the one Life eternally and illimitably extended there. Repose in it. Confide your problems to it. Become receptive and listen. Expand to the proportions of its high ideal for you. Rejoice in its presence, in the privileges you possess in seeking it. Then again ask and listen.

When its moving comes, follow wherever it leads and trust the outcome. Or if no prompting comes, at least bear away with you the consciousness of its presence, of your oneness with it, of the joy and peace that came when you enlarged your thought to become receptive. This is the essence of it all; this is the spirit. To apprehend this essence and to feel this spirit is to possess a priceless gift of power and helpfulness. This is the spirit of the New Thought, the glad tidings it declares to the world—the great revelation of spiritual unity and beneficent evolution by the heeding of which not only disease shall cease, but war and unhappiness. * * *

LONGEVITY.

A German Doctor, Herr Ritcher, who has given this subject some study recently in a paper to the Imperial College of Medicine of Berlin, sets forth his views of longevity as depending largely on the size of the organs of the body to dispend life force throughout the physical system. He attempts to support his theory by numerous observations and statistics that by the size of the heart, lungs and brain a prediction may be safely assumed as to the length of life of the individual.

And this knowledge is to be obtained by the use of the X ray disclosing the dimensions of the organs.

As this is a subject of universal and increasing inter-

est, an endeavor will be made to elucidate the truth of the theory and to find the true solution of longevity.

If it be allowed that the body has only a certain amount of inherent vital force of life principle, then we might reasonably suppose that his theory is correct, and indeed it may be safely admitted as a general rule that long life may depend more or less on the dimension of those organs.

But this cannot be a fixed and certain rule, for there have been many notable exceptions of persons born with puny and weak constitutions who have attained advanced ages.

One notable exception was Thomas Parr who was of such puny and weak appearance at birth that the physicians had no hopes of prolonging his existence. His chest was so contracted that it was very difficult for the expansion of the lungs in breathing.

Yet with all these weaknesses he lived from 1483 to 1634, 151 years.

Secundi Hango, an official from Venice to Smyrna, lived 150 years, although he had an extremely contracted chest, the circumference was 24 inches and one lung badly diseased. He outlived five wives and left 49 children.

Many other cases could be cited of persons who have been pronounced as incurable by physicians and allotted but a limited time to live, have lived on and on. In fact the more the prediction was asserted, the more determined such persons have been to live. When I came to Mexico, I was only allowed three years to remain in the body and have already exceeded that time by four years.

At a former period I was limited to one year. Again other persons have fixed the time to die and fulfilled it; again others have died by their wills alone. I know one lady who said she had no wish to live longer, took her bed and in a few weeks died without suffering any pain or disease.

One judge said when he died, he wished it to be while holding court, which was verified. Therefore all calculations to attain longevity based on material causes and effects, as well as what one shall eat and drink, do not seem to be of practical utility on which to base a theory whereby one can feel certain to achieve the goal of a very advanced age. While inheriting a vigorous constitution, correct habits of living, etc., are all desirable, yet my observations have led me to the conclusion that there is yet another source of prolonging life, which far exceeds for certainty and immediately in the results desired than any hitherto promulgated in the past.

The true elixir of life can only be obtained through and by the brain of man, and that only by a proper discipline of the methods of his beliefs and thinking. When properly trained the brain absorbs the principle of life from the atmosphere, as the sponge absorbs water. But there the comparison ceases.

The brain unlike the sponge uses its absorption to increase itself—its power—and to distribute the life principle through every nerve, tissue, sinew, muscle and bone of the body. And as this life principle is inexhaustible, the air is filled with it, and even old earth is filled with it to that extent not only as to propel itself in a circle, but to revolve itself on its axis once in 24 hours—then why should man be so stupidly indifferent to continue longer in the old belief of yielding up his body to decomposition, instead of seizing on this mighty truth which is beginning to dawn on the mind of man?

If one can prolong his life one day, by an understanding of the law of life, under the same rule why cannot he prolong it 1000 years? The signs of the times portend that the race is about to enter upon a century of the understanding and power of mind over so-called material, that its power in the past will seem as the impotency of the infant.

And longevity is one of the attainments which the race will acquire, as it has already begun to attain to a reasonable desire of the same.

Desire is the life-germ of bringing things to pass. The more persons that can become interested in a desire for longevity, the more it adds to the volume of thought in that direction, and hence it is easier to overcome a thought or belief of an opposite nature.

One great hindrance to the progress of advanced ideas on the subject as with many others, is the fear what Mrs. Grundy or one's neighbor will say. All the great thinkers of every age have been called cranks.

They startled the world with their apparent absurdities, at first to be persecuted and ridiculed, afterwards with statues to their memory. If one has a live idea within himself, one of which he is certain was planted there by the Great Intelligence, he is a far more noble mind to water and cultivate his idea until it fruits than to be deterred by the railings and stumbling blocks of the designing or unthinking ones.

Therefore if one would make progress in this line of thought he should be bold in expressing what ideas he has on the subject, as he thus not only becomes a magnet to assist others, but also to draw to himself new and higher thoughts from the realms of space.

A new belief of the possibility of lengthening life does actually contribute to that end, as the body always responds to the thoughts and beliefs.

Therefore it will be seen how important it is to attain to such beliefs by knowledge and reasonable arguments.

And this process of gaining new inspiration of life beliefs carried on indefinitely must have a profound and prolonged influence over the body.

It is not many years since it was the universal belief that man was born with only a certain amount of vitality, and could only live a fixed number of years, or while that lasted. I was taught it when I studied medicine, but happily I have learned that teaching was a mistake.

At this present writing the number is not few who realize that a person has all of the elements within himself to add to the vitality of the body by attaining a higher and more perfect understanding of the law of life, and this knowledge becoming a fixed belief in his mind permeates and infuses every atom of his system with a new life. And this effect is more lasting if he proclaims his belief in an intrepid manner. A writer who firmly believes what he writes gives the magnetism of truth to his words which makes them effective with the reader.—*O. P. Rice in Evening (Mexico) Star.*

Individuality is a very potent thing indeed. It stands above all things except the Law. It shall not be set aside and overcome even that it may be made healthy and opulent and beautiful. Clothed in the rags of error, and too wretched to make farther effort in its own behalf, it is still the seed germ of all future growth; its ego is obscured, but not destroyed; and no power can prevail against it until it resigns itself.

SACRIFICE IS FUTILE.

[From The Washington Post.]

Tolstoi, aged and dying, retracts his pet theory. These may be his last words. In a remarkable article, he says that Christianity to others means constant abandonment to sacrifice, until death comes; also that human bodies are needed to bridge over the chasm between the rich and the poor.

Count Leo Tolstoi, the greatest of Russian authors, is fast breaking up and cannot live much longer. He has been in poor health for several years, and it is almost a certainty that the end will be reached within a few weeks. Tolstoi has just finished an article on "Self-Sacrifice," in which he practically admits the utter impossibility of ever living up to the teachings of his whole life—that is, charity to others. This article may be the last Tolstoi will ever give to the world, and it forms a peculiar climax to his writings and to the cause of humanity, to which he has devoted his life.

The tenor of his article is that there is a great chasm between the rich and the poor. Human bodies are needed to fill that almost bottomless gulf, he says, and only by generations of self-sacrifice on the part of the rich can this be accomplished. Following is his remarkable article:

TOLSTOI'S THEORY.

"Let us put ourselves into the position of God-loving people—man or woman, wife and husband, brother and sister, mother and son—people belonging to the well-to-do classes, who have come to the conclusion that it is sinful to lead a luxurious and idle life while the great majority is suffering misery through lack of work.

"Let us suppose that these people abandon their fine horses and carriages, their chef and other servants, and withdraw to the country, reserving for themselves but an income of, say 150 rubles per annum. Or may be they give all their belongings to the poor or for educational purposes, and resolve to earn the little competency they actually need by painting, by translating good books, or in some other honorable way.

"Now they are installed at a little hamlet, living perhaps in the center of a village, in a little house, rented or bought. Those knowing something of medicine look after the sick; others read and write peasants' letters, teach the children and set a good example to the elders.

"Can you conceive of a life more noble, more dignified?

"Yet this life is a hell—or it will be made hell—unless these good folks are hypocrites and know how to deceive.

"Consider the situation. They are denying themselves everything that makes life bearable—individual comfort and luxury, intellectual entertainments, money, and all the joys the city affords, and for what? They glory in the thought that all men are brothers and equals, children of one Father. Equality does not mean similitude in respect to intellect and position; it means that all men have an equal right to live and share in the things life puts within reach of man.

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

"To return to our good Samaritans: They left the lap of luxury and went to live among poor peasants because they believed in that sort of fraternity which eschews words and delights in deeds, deeds that must be performed before we can believe in them.

"Yet if these Samaritans are just, good, plain, un-

sophisticated people, the experiment places them into an awful dilemma. They are used to order, comfort, and particularly to cleanliness. When they emigrated to the village, their first thought was to free their cabin from vermin. They probably papered the room and placed in it a few pieces of furniture such as they thought no one could do without—an iron bedstead, a clothes press, a writing table. Thus prepared, they await things to come.

"In the beginning, the peasants keep at a distance, for they suspect the Samaritans, like all rich people, to sit on their goods and chattels to guard against intruders. Assuming there is nothing to be had, the villagers say, 'We don't want any of the delicacies these strangers hoard.' But little by little, the real intentions of the new arrivals get noised about. The villagers learn that the city folks are ready to serve them without any compensation whatever. Now the most courageous and those suffering most acutely by want take heart to approach the strangers, and are quick to find out that they cannot say 'no.' That's enough to set the ball rolling; daily the beggars increase in numbers; petitions come in from all sides, embracing all sorts of wants and many foolish wishes.

"And gradually the prayers lose their humble tone; formal requests for a division of all goods and chattels, income, and other makings not absolutely necessary to keep life in the new-comers are launched forth.

"In their first enthusiasm the Samaritans see nothing strange in this. They have set out to make martyrs of themselves, and the greater their sacrifices the better they like it.

"So they give up one piece of furniture after another; they reduce their meals to a single dish; they never tire giving alms, for the misery they see is bottomless and limitless, and their own position, when compared with that of others, continues more favorable than the rest.

TO THE LAST EXTREMITIES.

"The city family thought there was no harm in retaining for their own use a couple of quilts and pillows. Father, mother and daughter need them more than ever now, when they work so hard and under such unfavorable physical conditions. Yet poor Ivan is sleeping in his mangy clothes, shaken by frost, for he hasn't a rag to cover himself with. Daughter gives her pillow, father his quilt. Father, mother, and daughter are soon coverless and without cushions, for there are many Ivans.

"The city folks are used to keep a little store of tea and groceries on hand. They have to break themselves of that custom, for the mendicants honoring them with visits declare it wicked and contrary to the teachings of Christ, as they want the goods themselves.

"If one starts out to be a brother to his brother man, there are no half-way stops. Where should one draw the lines, pray?

"Only those incapable of appreciating the motives that draw the city person to the hamlet, only such that see no difference between truth and falsehood—that class of people only will say that there are limitations to goodness under the circumstances. I tell you there are none, lest sentiment degenerate into barbarity. He who draws the imaginary boundary line admits that his sentiment was not imbued with the true Christian spirit, he confesses to hypocrisy.

"Let us return to our friends the Samaritans.

"After working hard since early morn, the evening

finds them without a couch, without pillow or cover. They go to lie down on a bundle of the straw in which the furniture was packed that came from the city. Their evening meal consisted of a crust of dry bread. It's in the fall of the year. It either snows or rains.

"A knock at the door, which, never closed, admits a wanderer wet through and through with rain or perspiration. What is to be done? They have but one dry truss of straw in the cabin.

"You can't send your brother man out into the cold, and if you invite him to rest on the damp floor, he will die. Either you give him your apology for a bed or let him share it with you.

"Here comes a man whom you know to be a drunkard and bad egg generally. Now he bobs up again asking you in a trembling, throaty voice for three rubles, the amount of a theft committed by him while in his cups for the purpose of buying liquor. If speedy restitution isn't made, he will go to jail.

"You tell this foul-smelling barrel that you possess four rubles which are spoken for.

"Empty phrases,' growls the scoundrel; 'you are good at talking, but when it comes to deeds you are like the rest. Brother you call me, but whether I go to heaven or to the dogs is all the same to your mightiness.'

"To give that old soak three rubles means to be without bread for the rest of the week. To deny this demand is to deny one's principles, to neglect one's self-imposed duty.

"Perhaps you will now appreciate my statement that there are no limitations to a Christian life? If our good Samaritan should stop short in sight of the difficulties outlined, why not earlier?

"Why did he set out at all to aid his brother? What was the use of his giving up a fortune, the city, luxury, and intellectual comforts?

"What a quandary! Not to cry 'halt' means one's own ruin, means filth, means sickness and sufferings, death perhaps—and for what? Ah, if the cause were but worthier!

"To rein in is equivalent to recalling all the good one has done already; it would be a renunciation of one's faith. And then, it's impossible for one blessed with a heart to abjure benevolence, for the doctrine of universal brotherhood is neither ours nor even Christ's. You can't tear it out of the soul of those born with it.

MORE MONEY TO GIVE AWAY.

"Now let us suppose, for argument's sake, that our friends, undaunted by the difficulties love of sacrifice imposed upon them, come to the conclusion that their ill situation is but the consequence of the insufficiency of the means at their disposal. Let us further suppose that they find the way to swell their resources enormously. Consequently, having a large fortune on hand, they think they can better serve the people, indeed supply all wants.

"The thought is beautiful, but it is a fallacy, for after a few weeks, months, or years our Samaritans will be in an awkward position once more, as by that time they will have run out of money. Misery, you know, tears too many holes in people's pockets. There is no way of filling them and keeping them filled.

"They tell of a 'better' solution. Some say: Let us make our brother intelligent; let's do away with intellectual inequality. What a delusion—you can't teach people while hunger gnaws at their entrails. Believe

me, the men who advocate this means for saving our brother, the fanatics who propagate such an idea—they are liars. If you have faith in the equality of men, you must benefit their stomachs as well as their heads at the same time.

"The only real solution of the difficulty lies in the abolishment of the causes that create the prevailing inequality, and the fountainhead of inequality is oppressive authority, violence. No one who ever honestly tried to help his brother man can escape that conviction.

"After their second fortune was gone, the Samaritans whom I introduced to the reader, concluded that their failure was due to the fact that all the riches are in the hands of a favored few, while poverty, misery, bad luck, sufferings, are the heritage of the masses. 'Might is at the bottom of this,' they concluded; 'to gain our end we must conquer might.' But how? Where is this might that holds humanity by the throat?

"The soldier personifies it; the watchman, the judge, the very lock that guards my door. Must I fight all of them?

MIGHT VERSUS MIGHT.

"There are men who live by violence, who battle by its side, who vanquish authority by authority. But a good Christian cannot conceive of the idea of fighting might by might. That would be planting the standard of a new wrong upon the grave of the older iniquity.

"To spread education at the cost of oppressive authority would mean a repetition of the crimes we deplore. To try to save the victims of violence by the distribution of money gained in an upheaval would be like an attempt to heal wounds by the sword with the sword.

"Let us reflect upon the case above set forth. To keep the sick at a distance, not to admit him to one's own bed, to deny the drunkard those three rubles—these acts, too, are violence, for the Samaritan is stronger than the brother stricken with typhus; he is richer than the whisky-bloat. And because it is so you can't escape the necessity of sacrificing your life if you want to help your brother and become a soldier of society against violence and might.

"Truly, hard and cruel is the task of him who essays to live a Christian's life. There is nothing but fight for him, nothing but sacrifice—sacrifices to the bitter end.

"Shudder not at the abyss that separates the satiated from the famine-stricken, the luxurious from the mangy, but plunge into it, for bodies are needed to fill the gulf, not pharisaical talk, binding the eyes as to the extent and the depth of the chasm.

"That chasm is an awful reality; do not attempt to argue it out of existence by fallacious reasonings, by self-imposition, and by lies.

"But is this gulf really so horrible? Are there not worse monstrosities in the path of social life? I maintain that the chances for suffering death are greater on the maneuver field and in warfare than in the service of humanity, with its vermin, sickness, and misery.

"The black bread of wretchedness seems an appalling diet to get along on, but its power of inflicting sufferings is not limitless. I used to know a child that fell into a well unbeknown to anybody. On tumbling down he caught onto an iron hook, and there hung all night long in fear and trepidation, until early in the morning his father came to his rescue. Yet there was scarcely a foot of water in that well.

"The soldiers of Christ and of humanity should not bother about the depth or shallowness of the water in the well. Let them be prepared to die. Brotherly love means abandonment to sacrifice, continuous sacrifice until God's angel cries 'Halt.'"

THE HALIFAX RIVER.

BY R. T. BUTLER.

Have you seen the Halifax river,
That beautiful rift of the sea,
Where salt waves and fresh waters mingle,
And prattle and dance with glee?
Have you stood by its wooded margin,
When the breezes have ceased to blow,
And gazed on its mirrored surface,
At the shadows cast below?

There are outlines of stately palmettoes,
Of knarled and moss-draped oaks;
With sombre broad spreading branches
Where the tree frog chatters and croaks.
Sweet perfumed magnolias are pictured,
With vines and fluttering wings,
And clumps of spicy sweet bay trees,
Where the mocking bird nestles and sings.

Have you fished on the Halifax river,
When the breezes were balmy and slow,
And the dancing wavelets were laughing
O'er the beauties concealed below?
There the wily trout lurks in the shadow,
And eagerly darts at the fly.
Sheepshead, flounder, whiting and bass
Are timid and stealthy and sly.

The mullet leap in the sunlight;
In silvery, shining array,
Porpoises frolic and roll and romp,
Or take fright and scurry away.
But the wavelets continue their laughter,
And tauntingly seem to say,
We give disciples of Walton,
Only peeps of our grand display.

Have you sailed on the Halifax river,
When the white winged yachts were afloat,
With the wind currents eagerly chasing
To make each one the fastest boat?
How the spray leaps over the bowsprit
As the broad spreading canvas fills out,
And the winds and the waters in contest
Each strive the other to route!

Now the sea bird lends enchantment,
As he swiftly wings his way,
And the stork on shore, like a sentinel,
Stands eagerly watching for prey.
And the boats speed on more swiftly,
With hurrah and laughter and song;
For hearts are light and the day is bright—
The winds are steady and strong.

Have you dreamed on the Halifax river,
When all was peaceful and still,
Save the mellow roar of the ocean,
Like the grind of eternity's mill?
It lulls you to sweetest slumber,
As the mind wanders onward through space;
And you seem to renew lost friendships,
Which were broken in life's hurried race.

You dream, and the dream seems real,
And all the world seems to fill
With justice and love and mercy,
And "peace on earth, good will."
And the vision gives a promise,
Of the future's brighter store,
When war and strife and avarice
Shall be on earth no more.

Have you loved on the Halifax river,
With the bright, silver moon in the sky,
With the lights and shadows caressing
As though loving had come from on high?
The whippowil's song seems softened,
As it floats from the hammock on shore;
And the rippling waters whisper
That loving shall be evermore.

The winds and the waves and the moonbeams
All join in the night bird's song;
And the world is filled with music—
Mellow and sweet and strong.
The ocean joins in the chorus,
With deep and impressive roar;
And you wish to live forever
On the beautiful Halifax shore.

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AS YOUNG AS THEY USED TO BE.

Endless columns have been written about the athletic development of the girl of the period, and how she vies with her brother in every outdoor sport; but what is more remarkable as a distinctly fin de siècle product is the up-to-date old woman.

The modern grandmother is a charming, attractive creature, who refuses any longer to be regarded merely in the light of a chaperone, and is as far removed from the accepted idea of the old lady in spectacles, with her knitting, as is possible to imagine. Moreover, she is a veritable amazon, who has taken up shields and buckler, in the shape of the tennis racket and golf sticks, and, mounted on her bicycle, is ready for a tilt with old Father Time, armed cap a pie at every point, and prepared to fight to the bitter end.

The manager of the Michaux bicycle club, which, as every one knows, is one of the latest social recreations, remarked the other day, "I expected all of the young women to join the club, and was not surprised to see their mothers, but when the mothers of the mothers put in an appearance I began to ask myself at what age they would stop."

It seems to be the shibboleth of the fashionable world of late that old age does not exist, or, at least, that it is only a matter of choice, and that if you feel young, act young and dress young, you are young.

"You know there is a new theory about youth," panted a tailor-made little lady of fifty odd, and weighing a generous 190 pounds. She had just come in from a bicycle trip of 15 miles or so, and was quite out of breath. "It is just all bacteria. Like everything else, as one grows older the bacteria of youth die, unless you keep them alive, you know, with exercise and the proper kind of food.

"I tell George that if he'd only a bicycle he would not get bald and lose all his figure—his bacteria need toning up. It is all a matter of feeling!" and she looked as if she herself felt so very, very young in her jaunty hat, short skirt and leggings, that, according to her theory, she must be rejuvenating very rapidly, indeed.

The number of these elderly athletes is rapidly increasing, and the old saying of "fair, fat and 40" might be paraphrased in these modern days by "chic, smart and 50."

Their incentives to sport are various, some taking it through their dread of increased avoirdupois, others on account of a genuine love of outdoor exercise, and the majority, perhaps, for the very cogent reason that it is the fashion, but whatever may be the cause it is a good thing, after all, to fight for a little more playtime and youth, and to make matter, which, after all, is only a temporal condition, subservient to the spirit which is eternal.—*Ex.*

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DON'T.

Don't what? Don't mix your orders. For anything connected with healing or with the paper FREEDOM, address Helen Wilmans.

The book business belongs to the International Scientific Association and Mrs Wilmans has nothing to do with it. Don't increase our work by sending us mixed orders. We ask this as a special favor.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

The college is under way. The building will be here within a year or less. No one knows how delightful the anticipation of it is to me. It seems a kind of crown to my efforts. I want to know if you who read these lines have the faintest idea of what my efforts have been? My heart swells when I think what I have passed through, and I could cry like a baby; I am crying now.

I cannot tell it all in the first person; it brings it too close to my heart; I must speak of it as happening to another. I can see the little dreamer, who, as a child was loaded down with work too great for her strength, and whose happiness consisted in just resting from it and giving full latitude to her thoughts during the intervals of release. I can recall the character of her thoughts; they were not those which usually occupy the minds of children, though they were no wiser; they were only different; very different indeed. They were utterly transcendental, and quite outside the laws of cause and effect. This may have been attributable to the fact of her reading so many fairy tales.

These fairy tales were to her as absolute reality, and they still remain so. They are truths told from a higher standpoint than the race has permanently achieved. They are full of man's creative power; and they open

the conceptions of the reader to the possibilities of new and more glorious realms.

It was in these interior places that this child lived until jostled out of them by the necessity of work. But no matter how long the work lasted, she always went back to them when released; like a lamb to its fold.

As she grew toward womanhood she looked at her mother's lot, and knew it would not satisfy her. She noted the different pursuits of people and turned from them all. There was not an avocation open to the average person that she could bear to think of. Yes, she could write fairy stories. But her education was too defective, and her writings brought no returns. Nevertheless they did a good thing for her; they stimulated her to the effort by which she gained a knowledge of how to write, and so proved a blessing.

The fairy tales she wrote were the nearest approach she could make to the heaven of her dreams and aspirations. They did not satisfy her, and truly she has never seen a moment in her life when she was satisfied; she has unloaded her anxieties and rested for awhile, but she has not achieved satisfaction. Satisfaction is not to be found on the present plane of the world's thought; it is too low; too crude; to ignorant.

We are living so far beneath our capacity, and so far beneath the possibilities that are beckoning us forward. How can we be satisfied under these circumstances? The race is actually running to waste; the children are being taught the same things their parents learned, and they believe such teaching to be the ultimate of truth. This condition of ignorance is fostered by ten thousand schools, and backed by numberless churches with a "thus sayeth the Lord". "So far shalt thou go and no farther." Even the new ideas, the new cults, hitch themselves on to the old institutions for protection, and assist with their influence in bolstering them up.

There is only one system of thought that stands out from the crowd in perfect independence, and that is Mental Science; the science of human mind; the science that insures individual expression to every particle of race genius; the science of expansion, of endless conquest.

In looking back through the dissatisfied, unhappy years of my growth, I know now that I was always on the road to the magnificent height where the truths of Mental Science, as now taught, have become a practical reality. And I know that all the loneliness of those years was because I was forging my way through a heretofore untraversed realm of thought. I was literally growing through a wilderness of obstructing errors into a higher place, where eventually every soul must come before the heaven of man's freedom can be achieved.

I cannot help believing that this road has been the most difficult one ever travelled by a human being. The direction I was going did not develop for many years. The effort was essential and continual, and I had little or no rest. Like the wandering Jew, it seemed as if my mission was simply to keep moving. I passed through all the experiences that make hideous the life of woman on the present plane; in many of which it seemed as if I simply had power to extricate myself and live a little longer. But I was made of indestructible material—so I thought then, and so I believe now—the material of an unconquerable mind; and I went ahead.

My education was terrible, but I must have needed it; we get nothing in this life but what we need; and I was so constructed that it required the unrelaxing blows of the hardest life continued for many years to shape me properly.

The misery of the thing lay in the fact that I was pushing my way through the world's errors in ignorance of the direction I was traveling, or of what I was doing. The road was dark. Something told me all the time that way ahead was the goal of my desires; but this voice was weak. That which was not weak was the conditions which surrounded me and made life so indescribably hard.

I have a conviction that the lives of thousands of women are as hard as mine was; but I believe that in every instance so far they have given up and died; that I alone have pressed through and gone ahead of the obstructions; none of them knew as I must have secretly known that Heaven was in store just beyond; none of them had imbibed the literature of fairy land until the imagination had become as an indispensable home to them, whose pictures and promises they did not doubt.

It was my imagination that saved me. It was our imagination—Mr. Post's and mine—long after I had pulled through the hardest part of my life journey and was seeing my way more clearly, that projected the plans we are now working out here in this place.

One word about Mr. Post; I am taking my readers into my confidence more in this article than I have ever done before. It seems to me that no matter how hard all the years of my previous life had been, there was compensation full and ample when I married him; that I am proud of him, proud of the admiration and esteem other people lavish on him, proud of his ability as a writer and speaker, and proud of the nobility and purity of his daily life, I am glad to admit. There is one respect in which he surprises me. I gained my knowledge of Mental Science with constant study and great difficulty. Not so with him. He has the same knowledge without effort. The truths that I struggle for seem to develop out of his brain spontaneously. His whole family, so far as I know them, are superior to the average in every way. A. F. Sheldon, Mr. Post's nephew, another leader and director in the Association formed here, is a natural-born genius of the highest order. It seems to me that I have never met a man with such varied capacity—allied to such business push.

I would like to introduce other members of our association to my readers now, but space will only permit a word. We have been wonderfully fortunate in getting the right people into the right places. For instance, at the head of the book business stands Captain Eldridge, a man who has proved his ability for the position he occupies in a most phenomenal way. His past has been a perfectly startling record of success. The Captain has a lovely family too, of whom we are truly fond and proud.

Charles Burgman, Secretary of the association is a man of great experience in the position he occupies; I doubt whether there is a man in the world better fitted for it. He is a fine writer and speaker, and is bound to prove his powers.

E. F. Britton stands at the head of the printing department. He is intelligent, jolly and popular, and his work is never a day behind. If I did not understand

how perfectly the law of attraction operated I would be astonished at the complete adaptation of these men for the places they fill. Evidently our organization is a growth and not a building. I expected this when years ago I said that right in this spot we would start the nucleus of the world's new education.

This word brings me back to our college. We are going to have a school here for the promulgation of ideas instead of the extension of the dead stuff of past ages. All that is of value in the present school system will be retained, and all that is of value in the scientific world will be taught in the clearest possible manner. Ideas that seem practical are going to meet with ready encouragement, no matter how new and strange they may appear. In fact, life is going to be tested as never before to show what it can do for the children of earth; not the babies alone, nor the young people; this is the school for adults. Who has not wished for the chance to extend his knowledge beyond the pale of the ordinary colleges? Here will be a supply to this want.

It will also be a supply to the new social demand. People are hungry to meet other people with whom there will be the possibility of exchanging new ideas. What interest there will be in this thing alone; what new vitality will be generated; what conquests over "dead matter" will be attained!

Up to the present time we have not been entirely ready to offer our readers such inducements, either to come here or to contribute to our plans, as we wished. But now we are ready; the way is clear. We have grown into one of the prettiest towns in the state; we have done this in four years—out of a wilderness. The place alone—outside of its plans—is attracting the most marked attention, and prophecies of its splendid future are buzzing about in the liveliest manner.

So much for mere externals; for the outside opinion; the mere business belief concerning us. But the greater force is only to be calculated by those who are with us in the knowledge we are unfolding. This force is thought, and a deep-seated belief in the power of thought as generated by the emancipated brain of people who dare expend their hope and effort in searching for something better and greater than life has yet yielded them.

Friends, the most of you have stood by us for years; have gone with us in our researches into many an unriddled mystery of the occult, and still stand with us in belief on some of life's most vexed questions. We know we have your best wishes, and that you are watching the results of our efforts with generous interest. We might urge you to join us, but we will not. It is true that we want you, and I believe you will come when the time is ripe for your coming; I believe that we need one another in the carrying out of the greatest idea ever yet born of the human brain for the complete enfranchisement of men's minds and the establishment of individualization; which means personal freedom, and the liberation of every man's faculty to its highest effort in working out the genius within him.

I believe hundreds and thousands are going to come here as students; some of you to prepare yourselves for the education of the masses who cannot come. You are to be the evangels of the new dispensation, and you know it, now you feel it stirring in your outspoken desires.

Read the notices of the college plan in other columns of this paper, and write your ideas to the secretary of

the Association, Mr. Charles Burgman. Do not under any circumstances drop, even for a moment, your highest hope for your own and the race's future; hold it fast and let it speak for you as to what you will do in this matter. Turn your back on fear; follow your inclination in spite of the whisperings of fear. You all know what I have been saying about desire being the moving spirit of all growth; perhaps some of you thought me visionary. But now I am told that Leibnitz, a philosopher whom the world accepted long ago actually believed the very things I have been saying for the last twenty years; and I did not know it. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. In another column I print a letter on this subject from a friend in Boston. I do not know why this friend should withhold his name, but he does, and his wish must be respected. However if I can get the paper that contains his article I will print it in a future number of FREEDOM.

Now, friends, I want to hear from you on the subject of the college plan. Write and give us your ideas and your best wishes. I trust you to open a correspondence that may lead to changes; to advancements; to long steps in progression; to higher and nobler conditions than we now even dream of. The world is ready to be wakened out of her slumber; who can open her heavy eyes better than we who have felt the homelessness of her darkened condition—we who believe there is light even though we may not see it yet, and who look forward to its dawn with a hope that will not deceive us?

H. W.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

We have got the land, and as soon as the surveyor can plat it the board of regents holding the property in trust for the college will be ready to make deeds to purchasers of lots, the entire amount received to go to the college funds for buildings, etc. These lots will be divided into classes and sold at from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars each; just the prices at which lots are actually selling in the adjoining plat. Five hundred dollars will buy a good inside lot, but perhaps not so near the college grounds as some, or not so desirable in some other way. The ocean and river fronts will bring the highest prices and no corner lot will be sold for less than \$1,000. Corner lots on Glen View avenue in the adjoining plat of City Beautiful cannot be bought for a thousand dollars now, and the college property is of least equal value, so that the purchasers of college lots may feel that while they are helping to build the college they are at the same time getting the value of their money when they purchase a lot. Lots will be sold on time, one, two, three or five years at five per cent. interest to people who wish eventually to come here to educate their children, but have not the money to make payment down. We know there are many such, and while it is desirable that all who can shall pay cash, and to hurry forward the erection of the college building, yet the interest on any lots sold on time will help in payment of teachers' salaries and the other running expenses of the college. When parties wish to secure a lot, and for any reason cannot come to select it in person, the Board of Regents will make a selection according to their best judgment, and make the deed, adding a clause obligating themselves to permit an exchange for any other unsold lot listed at the same price at any time the purchaser comes and looks for

himself if he wishes such exchange. We sold a considerable number of lots in this way when we first started here, and found it a very satisfactory arrangement to purchasers. If you want a lot write at once to C. C. Post, stating the price you would like to pay, terms of payment, etc. There are no really undesirable lots on the tract, but of course some will be more desirable eventually than others, and ocean and river fronts will be worth more than others as there are fewer of them.

The surveyor has been engaged and will begin the work of platting within a very short time. You can hold a deed to a college lot in thirty days from this time if you wish to.

H. W.

NOT TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Ever since I have known that Evolution was true, that man was his own creator, I have been sure that by the same law that has brought him this far on the road of life, he can go father and still father, until he conquers death.

If man has been his own master so far, even though he has been unconscious of the fact, he can continue to be his own master when his mind has ripened into a state of consciousness.

And, whereas, on the unconscious plane of his existence, when he developed through the power of his own desires, worked out to expression blindly, as it were, he can gain the intelligence to continue to work out his desires as soon as he finds that there is no obstacle to prevent him from doing it.

In looking back over the path of evolution I have discovered one thing that no soul in all the world can successfully deny; and it is a wonderful thing too! And a great thing! The greatest of all things, since it puts man in a relation to the universe at direct variance with any position he has ever occupied before.

Evolution establishes the fact that man is his own creator; that he is the result of the law of growth as expressed in nature through many and constantly advancing steps. Read Huxley and Darwin and all of the really great writers of the last age. There is undeniable gospel in what they say, because what they say is nature translated into language, and nature does not lie; neither can she make mistakes. Let us study her a little and see some of her ways of doing things.

Life on our planet has been a chain of constantly unfolding growths; always a greater growth developing out of one more inferior; thus showing the constant improvement that has been going on through the ages. The same growth, the same improvement, is going on to-day in a more marked manner than ever before. Really, now, as we look at it in the light of this fact, does it not seem a piece of idiocy to maintain that the race has reached its full stature, and that we may expect development to stop where it is? For my part I know that it is going on, and that there will never be any limit to it. I know furthermore that it is now counteracting disease and all forms of human weakness, and that the next conquest will be that of old age and death. This result is coming; it is close at hand. There are a good many of us on earth to-day who will see this prophecy fulfilled in our own personalities. H. W.

We now have to pay 10 cents for collection on every check no matter how small. If you send check or draft add this 10 cents, also two cent stamp on check.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Here is a letter that I look upon as a blessing; it is a blessing to me, even if it—or that which results from it—proves a misfortune to the readers of *FREEDOM*; my answer to this letter cannot be other than personal.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—You say you do not know what to write about in the Waste-Paper Basket. I think I can suggest a subject that would fill a half dozen numbers, and at the same time be intensely interesting to all the literary inclined of your readers.

Do tell us about your writings. Does it take hours sometimes to make a column "go"? Is sentence after sentence altered and rearranged—till in despair you throw it out? Does your manuscript look as if there was not an intelligible word to be evolved out of it, due to the process of remodelling; or does thought flow with such freedom and clearness, that your writing is as a letter to a friend? That, at least, my dear Mrs. Wilmans, is the way it appears.

And about your public speaking. Do you form a skeleton in your mind, or do you let the thoughts form themselves? Do you ever get that frightened feeling in your stomach, and would run away if you dared? And after you get up do you talk on everything but the "prepared thought," which has flown to some unknown recess of your brain to be recalled when too late; or in your writing and speaking is there a logical unfolding of the thought, without much travail of spirit?

With much appreciation of your bright paper which ranks first and best of all I take, I am, K. J. M.

About my writings. I am not fond of writing and always have to make myself do it. Every moment while writing I feel myself pulling away from the desk; there is an under current to my thought which keeps saying, "Now just as soon as this idea is down I am going to scoot." What I want to "scoot" for I have never found out; and it seems to me that a good deal of the time after I have "scooted" I have no more thought than a pig or a baby. And yet during these spells of absolute indolence there will be an unfolding of knowledge going on in my mind; which reminds me of the saying, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

This peculiarity—if it is a peculiarity—I have noticed in many things in my own experience. For instance, when a student I might drop the study I was engaged in for a week, while the class proceeded and got ahead of me. Yet I would no sooner begin again than I seemed to understand perfectly all I had missed.

Just what it means I don't know; it seems as if the mind when started on a certain road will continue to travel there until called away.

As to my writing, such as it is, I rush it off the end of my pen very rapidly, and scarcely ever read a page of it over again. If I ever attempt to change or remodel an article I wind up by destroying it entirely and writing another.

I have a way of cheating myself about my writing. I have a thought that I want to put down, and I will say to myself now it will only take a moment, so I put it down; and another comes, and I catch it. Every moment I am going to stop, but I can't stop until I get the editorial worked out.

Then just as it is, it goes to the printer. I don't want to read it in proof, nor in the paper after the paper comes out. My thoughts are always running ahead, and I am tired of what I have already written.

But I can say a word in praise of my copy. The printers fairly quarrel over it, it is so easy to read. It is not a pretty hand, and it looks like a school girl's, but

the letters are shaped so that there is no mistaking them.

As to my public speaking, it is just like my writing in every respect. If it has any merit at all, it is naturalness. I have a voice so powerful that almost anything could be done with it, but it has never been the least bit trained. It is sympathetic, however, and seems to be a part of me. Sometimes its modulations surprise me.

I really have it in me to make one of the most wonderful speakers that ever lived, and nothing prevents but laziness. Laziness is my curse. Right now something is pulling me away from this desk. I want to go and see the men at work on the new cottage; it is one of the most beautiful designs I ever saw; and then I want to go over to Florrie's; I expect she is sewing on something that will interest me. I can sit by her sewing machine by the hour watching her sew for the children. The children themselves are deeply interested in every garment she makes for them. I love a sewing machine and delight in running up long straight seams. It seems as if I am always wanting to do the thing I have no business to do. Anybody can sew up the seams I want to sew, but it is not every one who can write the articles which make my paper so popular.

What does all this mean? Is it the spirit of perversity? I think perhaps there is something slavish in the mere fact that there must be a certain amount of copy every week regularly; it rests on my mind as a burden. I have an idea that if it were not for the force work I would love to do it. Writing and speaking should be spontaneous; it should be attracted out of one; the moving power should be in front and not behind.

I feel myself to be a regular magazine of new thought, but the most of my thoughts die unuttered in consequence of this spirit of perversity or laziness—whichever it is. It is the one thing I have not conquered yet. I shall conquer it; it has to be conquered if I am to conquer death, which I am firmly set on doing. I think the condition is a certain amount of deadness in itself; it might be attributed to my years, but this cannot be, for it dates back to my childhood. It may be temperament. I was one of those excessively fat children one sometimes sees. My temperament was a contradiction; for while being very fat I possessed every indication of high vitality; yellow hair, a brilliant complexion, etc. At this time the fat is gone, and there seems to be no bar to my activity; and yet the laziness I speak of continues.

What do I like to do? Well I like to just fool away my time; I like to do fancy work, embroidery and crochet.

I never think of the "crochet" without being reminded of Florrie when she was little; she called a needle a sewing 'chine, (machine) and a crochet needle a crowing 'chine.

And now that I am switched off the track on to the subject of babies I never expect to get back again. So I might as well keep it up. Ada called a nutmeg a "nut's egg" and a teaspoon a "teasmoon."

Ada was a naughty baby. She wanted to be held all the time. I actually cooked and worked with that young one hanging over my left arm, until the muscles in the arm were like those of a blacksmith. She was the only "cross-patch" in the family; I could do anything with the others, but she was the boss of the ranch.

When the three children started in to school Ada was their defender; Florence would not resent anything, and as for Claude, my brave boy, he was the most timid

child of the lot. The school boys were very cruel to him, throwing stones at him and hurting him in every manner they could think of. He used to cry and try to hide behind Ada. Indeed, Ada kept him behind her as well as she could while she marched on the enemies with the most undaunted courage. If she got hold of one of them, and eventually she did get hold of all of them, one and two at a time, they let her severely alone afterwards, for she went at them with such vim as to cause them to expect immediate annihilation. She was large of her age at this time, nine or ten years old, with splendid muscles; her complexion was the color of a blush rose, and she could run faster than any person in the place, man, woman or child; a regular little athlete.

The hotel is filling up rapidly; it will be overflowing before this reaches the readers; there are so many carriages and bicycles on the streets that it looks quite cified. What a difference in four years; the whole country one mass of scrub palmetto; now dozens of pretty cottages, a splendid store building and a handsome hotel of more than one hundred rooms; and best of all a college coming. Have you noticed that we always fulfill our promises? Look out for the college.

H. W.

SPLENDID CONFIRMATION.

This letter is confidential, but I would like to know how I can help publishing it? I will withhold the address, however, even though I wonder why I am requested to do so. If I could write as fine a letter as this I would want every one to know it.—H. W.

DEAR MADAM:—There is in store for you one of the greatest surprises of your life. Prepare to rejoice. For long years, through sunshine and storm, through adversity and prosperity, through the changing and changeable views of other mental healers, you have stood like a mighty rock in this ocean for the one grand doctrine that all is mind, that there are no dead atoms, but that they are creations of living, intelligent force. You have so stood squarely, in spite of adverse criticism, for the doctrine that desire was the fundamental principle in the evolution of the human soul—that the two grand faculties of the soul were desire and intelligence.

You have also contended under all circumstances, and established your contention by the most cogent reasoning, and illustrated your argument in a thousand admirable ways, that every man is as much of the eternal reality of things as he recognizes—that every plant and animal is as much of being as it recognizes and appropriates.

Now you are going to be greatly delighted to find that all your pet ideas have been splendidly confirmed and supported by one of the greatest philosophers who ever trod this earth—the distinguished metaphysician Leibnitz. He ranks among the six greatest thinkers in the history of European philosophy, namely, Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel.

I have published a long article in the February *Coming Age* of Boston in which I have carefully expounded this whole philosophy of Leibnitz. In the third subdivision, treating of his doctrine of Idealism, you will find the splendid confirmation of your views. He agrees with you so exactly on so many points that when you read this article you will want to call all your people around you and execute a mighty war-dance of exultation on the veranda of your big Sea Breeze hotel. You will begin to think you are the great philosopher, Leibnitz, born again in the form of Helen Wilmans. You will never again doubt the doctrine of reincarnation. You will then publish all that part of the essay bearing on Idealism in your live journal *FREEDOM*. Then you will write a brilliant editorial on the matter, and you will celebrate the astonishing coincidence by a

grand Sea Breeze supper and dance lasting to the wee small hours. This letter of mine is not for publication, if you please. It is simply for the eye of Helen Wilmans, the idealist and editor of *FREEDOM*. You probably received *The Coming Age* among your exchanges.

We are already receiving letters from parents saying they will send their children here to be educated as soon as the College is ready to receive students.

We mean to have a substantial College building up within a twelve months. You can help a little if you wish.

It will be a unique institution in one respect—there will be a corps of professors that will not be afraid of an idea because it is new.

There are various institutions of learning where the physical sciences are taught, but none where the laws governing in the Mental world are given the attention which they deserve. Ours will be the first of the kind. We are not proposing any wild scheme or crazy experiments. We propose first, a College where students will be taught to think rather than be stuffed, taught to weigh the learning of others by the light of their own intelligence rather than to swallow what is offered under the label of ancient wisdom. We are going to send out thinkers into the world to do the work of the world.

And besides and beyond this, we are going to have investigations made by bright minds along lines called occult, because unknown, and we are going to publish the results to the world for the benefit of the whole race.

It will take a large amount of money—a very large amount ultimately, but it will come as needed.

Paul Pelkey of Filmore, is still living, and is one hundred and two years old. He took sick and died forty years ago, was dressed in grave clothes, and was placed in a coffin in an upstairs room at his home. The funeral was ready to start, and the stairs were very narrow and old-fashioned, and but two men could handle the coffin. They started down the stairway with the coffin, and one of the men slipped, and down went the coffin, bumpy bump. The coffin broke open, and the corpse sat up and rubbed his eyes and asked for a drink of water, and Paul Pelkey's funeral was put off indefinitely and has not since been announced, and it is said is not likely to be for some time to come.—*Maryville (Mo.) Review*.

TREATMENTS FOR FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

These treatments are really for the upbuilding of business courage, self-confidence, and the vitality that suggests new ideas and new business enterprises, out of which success is sure to come. They are for the overcoming of that doubt men often cherish concerning their own power to do things as great as others have done. The fact is, these treatments for financial success are treatments for the making of men. They strengthen the man all over; they enable him to see his own worth and give him the essential faith to work out his own ideas to any desired result. It was by the strengthening of self that I won the victory over poverty; you should read my book "A Conquest of Poverty." It is a splendid thing if I do say it myself. You will gain force of character from reading it. If you wish to be treated for the qualities I have enumerated as necessary to you in a business career, you can write for terms to

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

FREEDOM on trial six weeks for ten cents.

MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The announcement of the formation of an organized Mental Science movement through the columns of **FREEDOM** published January 24, has met with spontaneous and enthusiastic response. It appears as though the followers and students of Mental Science have been waiting for the advent of just such an organization as the Mental Science Association in order to become, through organized effort, earnest supporters of the same.

The organization is intended not to become dogmatic or creedal, but to invite all who feel certain that man is capable of infinite expansion, and of acquiring mastery over his surrounding conditions and circumstances, through trained effort of mind and body, to associate in the spirit of co-operation and good fellowship for the purpose of acquiring greater knowledge and power, through the study and practice of the teachings of Mental Science, the interchange of thought upon kindred and related subjects; to observe and classify all phenomena substantiating the fundamental truths promulgated through the association, and to make the public familiar with them.

We shall be able in the course of time to mould public opinion, to wield a powerful influence through the press, pulpit and rostrum; until correct thinking and correct action shall be reflected not only through individual conduct, but also through legislative enactments and permanent forms of municipal and national law.

This organization will bring us into direct fellowship with the best of modern thinkers and best of modern thought; and instead of shaping the new thoughts into book form only and placing them upon the library shelves for the mental gratification of an occasional reader, we will bring them into the broad and open sunlight of an awakening world, and infuse new life and strength into the vital tissues for the upbuilding of a new race.

This department of **FREEDOM** has been set apart to record the progress of the organization from week to week. All who feel interested in the movement, and desire information relative to organization of Temples, should address the home secretary. Membership cards and application blanks for the formation of Temples, will be forwarded as soon as applied for. We invite all who feel that organization will prove a powerful factor in the advance and practice of Mental Science to associate with us, either as members at large or through the establishment of Temples.

All Temples organized will be designated by the name of the town or city in which they are established. An exception to this rule will be the name of the Temple now in process of formation at Sea Breeze, the home of Mental Science. It will be named The Home Temple, and from present indications the organization will start with a membership ranging from fifty to seventy-five.

Applications for admission to membership and letters highly commendatory of the new movement have been received from Mental Scientists living in Chicago, Ill.; Galesburg, Wis.; San Francisco, Cal.; Cleveland, Ohio; Kirksville, N. Y.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paris, France, and Springfield, Mass.

CHARLES F. BURGMAN,
Home Secretary.

"Whatever is right." Therefore I suppose that some ultimate good is to come out of the many little monthly papers that have sprung up all over creation professing to be Mental Science, Christian Science, Divine Science, etc. They are a measly contribution to the literature on these subjects, and are gotten up merely as catch pennies. They are full of what purports to be testimonials from patients they claim to have healed, and never the address of a patient. They do not seem to know that a testimonial is not a testimonial unless the full address is given.

And then their answers to questions! The hypocritical assumption of affection they display for their correspondents, the "Sweetheart" and "Darling" and "Beloved;" I do wonder if there is money in this sort of drivel." And the charges they make for their services, anything from one to ten dollars per month; ten preferred, of course.

But among these papers there is occasionally one that is true blue; scientific, dignified, full of high thought, animated by a high purpose. I would like to name this latter class for the benefit of my readers, and would do so but for the fear that I might leave some of them out by not being able to remember them all, and thus hurt the feelings of a friend.

H. W.

MIND AND MATTER.

No eye has ever, even with the aid of a glass, caught a glimpse of an atom. Beyond the limit of its visibility we have evidence of its existence. Beyond the evidence of its existence it still exists as substance. Beyond this condition of substance, it verges into pure mind. A thought, causing a vibration of the subtle mind fluid, becomes externalized by transmitting the form of these emanations to the invisible substance, and this in turn to the atoms which make up the visible form or human body. Thus the line from matter to mind is unbroken, for so-called matter is but the negative pole of being of which mind is the positive.

MRS. A. L. TAYLOR,
Ottawa, Kan.

MAGNETATION.

Personal Magnetism is the subject treated in this new book by the well-known scientific writer, Albert Chavannes. He writes in a clean up-to-date style, and takes advanced ground, pointing out the higher uses of Vital Force, and showing how it may be so directed as to accomplish the regeneration of mankind. The following brief synopsis of Chapter II will give a faint idea of this work: Magnetism possessed by all people—Magnetism a substance—Magnetism a cause, not an effect—Its attributes the same as the attributes of mind—M n l a substance—The Universal Mind—Vital Force—Magnetism fluid in its nature—Intellectual Magnetism—Emotional Magnetism—Sexual Magnetism—Vital Force turned to Magnetation, etc. This is a really valuable and highly satisfactory book. Price, 25 cents.

feb 14-2t*

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,
Holyoke, Mass.

ASTROGRAPH.

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feb 7-2t*

PROF. W. C. MELTON,
Warsaw, Mo.

A CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

No book teaching self-reliance has ever been received by the toiling masses with so much pleasure and profit as "A Conquest of Poverty." Its teaching is practical and so comprehensive that every reader easily grasps the principle set forth by the author.

This little book has found its way with astonishing rapidity into every English-speaking country on the globe. Toilers, on the Fiji Islands receive inspiration from its pages. The New Zealander finds food for profitable thought, while the Australian recognizes through its teaching that inherent in himself is a latent power that makes him master of the situation. From Africa comes the words: "You are solving the problem of life and creating an Eden on earth."

Reading this book has caused men to think, and thought is all powerful. It directs the mind in the right channel which develops the latent power of the brain, and enables it to conceive new plans for the betterment of man's condition. Thought stimulates action that changes man's environments and leads him to success. That this book is arousing men from their lethargy, and infusing new life and hope in those who have been weighed down with the accumulated errors of centuries is demonstrated by the letters of praise and gratitude that are received in every mail. Our last edition of thirty thousand copies is nearly exhausted and we are preparing to print another large edition. The demand for a cloth-bound book is so great that we must respond. Men of thought urge that "A Conquest of Poverty" be more substantially bound so that the book may be better preserved, and find its proper place as a standard work in every home and library.

The sale of the Home Course in Mental Science is also increasing. This together with the sale of other books published by this Association indicates that the public sentiment is changing in favor of something more substantial than the old dogmas, and is eager to investigate on some other line of thought. The time is now ripe for the believer in Mental Science to interest his neighbor, who in turn will communicate the new idea to others, and thus like an endless chain reach every dweller on the earth with a new hope—the conquest of poverty, disease, old age and death.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just finished "The Conquest of Poverty" and to say that I am delighted, is only to express it mildly. I never met with anything like it on paper in all my experience of reading; but still must acknowledge that thoughts something like yours have been in my brain before, and whenever I gave expression to them, was laughed at.

In my opinion the book should be bound in gold, and spread broadcast over the land, because it is what the world needs to learn, to know that it can do away with that cursed of all things, Poverty, both in money matters, health, etc. etc. I have been practising it faithfully as I could since the perusal of the book, and intend with your assistance, to continue doing so until I am perfection perfected.

I sent for a copy of FREEDOM yesterday, and am looking forward to its reception with much anticipation of devouring it; am positive it will result in my subscribing for it yearly. Kindly let me know the best terms for twenty (20) small pamphlets that you issue.

Thanking you again for the pleasure you have caused me, I remain, very sincerely yours,

M. A. BOWDEN.

MY DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—First, I want to thank you for *living*, secondly, that you have had the power and forethought necessary to write such a book as "A Conquest of Poverty." For three years I have had to earn my living. Every dollar stolen from me. The past six months have been in business. Late met with loss financially, no one to rely upon for any amount of assistance, etc. Your book is great. I am not one of the easily discouraged ones knowing I have the physical and brain to accomplish things, and I want you to put me on the right track if possible. I must make money;

I am a hustler and I need your kind advice and assistance. May I have it? Sincerely and admiringly,

FLORENCE HYDE JENCKEN, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. WILMANS:—I am studying your "Home Course in Mental Science" and must say I never read any book more truthful and more touching than the Home Course. I will close hoping you success, and I know you are doing a great deal of good. If all could see as I and some others do this would be a different world. Yours truly,

J. W. STRUPEL, Hill, Mont.

If you who are reading this article have not already sent in a trial order, do not put it off any longer. Send for from 8 to 24 copies anyway, keep one for your own use, and, if you do not care to distribute the balance personally, hire some one to do so and at a profit to you, thus getting a copy free, making a profit beside, and at the same time giving some one something to do. Aside from all this, the truths of Mental Science are in this way spread by your efforts, in a way more effective than any other.

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The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

The price of every book on the list is very low in comparison with its value. Address all orders to

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failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world. Thousands of letters like the following have been received:

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have just finished the lessons and cannot adequately express my delight and appreciation. Nothing grander has been said in nineteen centuries at least. I want every thing you put out, and hope I shall hear of them as they come out so I can send. Sincerely and gratefully,

RENA CLINGHAM, care Ladies Home Journal,
Metropolitan Building, New York City.

I am filled with thankfulness and love to Mrs. Wilmans for these lessons of priceless truths which are meaning so much to myself and husband, and I would especially thank you for the response which I am sure you gave to my request that you would wait a thought of desire that they might be of much good to him, my husband.

That "truth shall make you free" is becoming now to me a fulfilled promise, a possession entered into, though as yet I have but crossed the threshold, but oh, how expansive the view before me. Truly and lovingly yours,
MRS. HENRY UMBERFIELD, Highwood, Ct.

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.
Sea Breeze Fla.

Please send to my address below, one complete set of the "Wilmans Home Course in Mental Science" (20 lessons) price \$5.00. Inclosed find one dollar on account. I hereby agree to pay the balance of \$4.00 at the rate of one dollar per month, beginning one month from date of receipt of the lessons. The title to the lessons to remain in you until entirely paid for.

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RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

In response to a demand we have gotten out an edition of a pamphlet Mrs. Wilmans wrote some years ago. It is called "A Healing Formula." Some of our friends assert that it is the most helpful thing she ever wrote. The price is 15 cents.

Also a pamphlet by Mrs. Ada Wilmans Powers, called "The Universal Undertone." It is one of the most beautiful things ever written. Price 15 cents. The two 25 cents. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Elizabeth Lois Struble, the well known editor of *The Nautilus*, has just issued 12 essays on the above subject in book form. Their titles are:

- I—Genesis.
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- XII—Concentration.

This book gives a clear and practical presentation of advanced Mental Science, and embodies many new and original ideas. Following is a brief synopsis of chapter 4: The uncreate a pulsing sea of energy; consciousness due to friction; there is only living substance in the universe; the beginning of the individual; ceaseless life forces; choice and will; old and new forms of consciousness; the finer forces most powerful; retrogression impossible; resistance the cause of disease; seek understanding, etc., etc. The book is daintily printed and bound. Price only 25 cents.

feb 7-2*

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,
Holyoke, Mass.

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Do you know of anyone who is adapted to agency work and whose time will permit him or her to take up the sale of our publications? Everyone knows of such people if time is taken to think about it. Young men can get a good training and make money at the same time in this way. We will have various publications for them to sell from time to time. Just now they can do very well selling "A Conquest of Poverty."

It is not at all necessary for the agent to be a Mental Scientist. We will appreciate it thoroughly if every reader of *FREEDOM* will send us at least one name of a likely agent. We would be glad to have each reader send us as many as possible. It may result in doing the person whose name you send us a great favor and it is by this means that the truths of Mental Science are to be spread rapidly.

We thank the readers of *FREEDOM* in advance for the favor.

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Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control, my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. C., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called *THE MIND CURE TREATMENT*, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering. **MRS. HELEN WILMANS,**
Sea Breeze, Florida.

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